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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANNIVERSARY IDYLLIUM;

TO THE RETURN OF THE FIRST BIRTH-DAY
OF A FIRST-BORN SON.

OH, lovely cherub! of an angel born—
My son! my early hope! Love's pledge
of truth!
With joy I hail the pleasure-giving morn,
That brings an annual garland for thy
youth.

Since first thou charm'dst my fond paternal
eyes,
Sweet-smiling bloom-branch of the sweet-
est spouse!
One fleeting year has passed around the skies,
To hasten *Time* with chaplets for thy
brows.

He comes—he brings them of the lov'liest
hues,
Around thy temples floral wreaths to
twine:
With graceful hands I see the duteous
Muse,
The virgin garland for thy head com-
bine.

How much the scene delights thy parent's
eye,
To see thy features, and thy garland-
flowers,
In spotless innocence and beauty vie,
Like wreaths on seraph brows, in Eden's
bowers.

Pure is the bliss that lights a father's mind;
And bright the joys that in his bosom
burn;
When first he sees Health's rosy chaplets
twin'd,
'To crown his offspring on the year's re-
turn.

To see his gentle arms in sportful play,
Cling round a blooming mother's neck of
snow:

To see her eyes o'er all his graces stray,
Like summer's sun-smiles, where young
roses blow.

Oh, sceptics! you who doubt that human
bliss
Was ever real—Would you wish to
prove?

Oh, come! and witness such a sight as this!
'Twill all your doubts of happiness re-
move.

Come, and behold the little, playful wiles
Of childish fancy:—to a parent's breast,
More dear than wealth, or fortunes faith-
less smiles:
Or all those mimic charms by art pos-
sess'd.

Oh! mark the toy-deluded wand'rer run,
To catch the worthless joy—the fancied
charm:
Like froward man, he follows 'till out-done,
And learns instruction from th' experi-
enc'd harm.

Behold him, then, with quicken'd pace as-
cend,
Midst falling tears, the dear maternal
knee;
Then sinking on the bosom of a friend,
Away his thoughts of pain and peril
flee.

Oh! sons of misery, anguish, and re-
gret,
Could you, your griefs, thus easily fore-
go;
Oh! could you half so easily forget,
How short would be the season of your
woe!

But ah! when Childhood's days are left be-
hind,
And Manhood's cares commence their
gloomy reign,
The sense of past enjoyments sings the
mind,
And makes the heart a wilderness of
pain.

Yet who would linger on youth's flow'ry
brink,
Lest coming *Puberty* should bliss destroy?
What son of error would pretend to think,
That rip'ning Manhood loses sight of
joy?

That adverse period, tho' it has its cares:
Tho' wid'ning prospects open new dis-
tress,
Between our infancy and hoary hairs,
Full many a pleasure may existence
bless!

But how I've wander'd from my darling
theme !

How unrestrain'd my rebel fancies run !
Imagination ! this no idle dream !—
Oh, Muse ! my song is of my *only* son !

My child ! to thee, I turn again, in thought,
To sweet remembrance of the happy
day,

That with its welcome visitation brought,
Joy's blossom-buds to strew Life's rug-
ged way.

Thou cam'st a little seraph sent from hea-
ven,

For all thy graces speak thee from above :
Thy parents asked the gift—the boon was
given,

A recompense for yet unrivalled love.

Heaven guard my boy ! the scion of my
strength !

Propitious powers ! oh, train him for
your praise !

Be health bestowed—grant life a glorious
length ;

And guide his feet in truth's unerring
ways :

Father of Wisdom ! plant within his soul,
The seeds of virtue, and the plants of
grace :

Be thou his faithful friend—his steady pole,
And never veil thy mercies from his
face :

Oh ! that his course may be a stream of
light,

To draw beyond the stars its lucid line,
Thereby preparing, thro' sin's sable night,

A way to heaven : a path to fields di-
vine.

May new delights still meet him every
year,

Bright be the future : pleasant still the
past :

Strange be his cheeks to woe's heart-
wringing tear,

And may each hour be happier than the
last.

AUGUSTUS.

21st November, 1812.

ON A LARGE ASH, WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF A LADY.

COULD but my verse thy noble stature
reach,
Majestic Ash ! and soar so high a pitch,

Not in the County of Kildare
Should be so fam'd a tree :
What Hercules could thee uprear ?
Not Finmacoole could root up thee
To make of thee his chair,

Here let me sit beneath thy shade,
And contemplate those ruins made
By time's unsparing hand :
Oh ! could my lays
Unite thy praise
With ancient glories of the land,
Of heroes long since dead, who in the
dust are laid.

As Finmacoole, whose brave exploits
Of throwing hills about like quoits
* Have so renowned been,
Such miracles could ne'er achieve,
Nor enterprize, as I believe,
But for his smiling queen.

So, ne'er could I thus far have writ,
Had not the fair commanded it :
Their favour I do crave,
Which if I gain, I am content,
And think my labour is well spent ;
And so I take my leave.

RICCIARDO.

THE DESERTER.

WHY move with measur'd steps yon
martial band,
In solemn, awful silence ? Why breathes
not

The wonted clangor of the clarion's bray,
The flute's soft symphony, the fife's shrill
note,

Drown'd by the echo of the war-drum's
roar ?

'Tis Justice points that step, forbids the
voice

Of warlike melody to rouse the soul,
Or lure a thought from her ; severe in
wrath,

'Tis not enough the victim at her shrine
Should yield his forfeit life, she points to
man,

And in emphatic language bids him read
Her stern decrees. Now dread suspense,
And deeper silence reign, while o'er the
host

The sombre veil of melancholy spreads.
Behold the wretched man ! his moisten'd
eye

Is rais'd to Heaven, his unequal step
Proclaims the inward anguish of his soul.
He gains the fatal spot ! the last few friends
Whom misery bound to life are gone for
ever.